

The circulation of a newspaper determines the value of its columns as an advertising medium. The NEWS-HERALD has by far the largest circulation of any paper in Highland county, which fact advertisers would do well to bear in mind. Our lists are open to their inspection.

Try Langdon's City Butter Crackers.

Miss Mattie Rookhold is ill with malarial fever.

Mr. C. M. Overman, spent Friday in Cincinnati.

Mrs. C. H. Collins is visiting this week in Cincinnati.

The 11th Regiment will go into camp at Washington, D. C.

Mr. B. F. Johnson, of Springfield, O., visited relatives here last week.

Mr. Stanley J. Britton has returned from school at Delaware University.

A party of several couples spent Saturday at the Rocky Fork cove.

The C. L. S. C. meets at the residence of Dr. William Hoyt tomorrow evening.

Mr. R. S. Quinn has removed with his family to his farm in Fayette county.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Collins are this week at Mineral Springs Adams County Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hadley, of Richmond, Ind., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Haynes.

Mr. Judge Marlow, of Wilmington, O., is visiting friends and relatives in Hillsboro.

In Springer & Quinn's new Bee Hive everything is nicely arranged and a full line of goods is carried, with prices as low as anywhere.

Misses Cora and Blanche Patterson have returned from the South where they had been some months for the benefit of their health.

Mr. Philip Fawley, of Lago, Ind., made Hillsboro a flying visit this week, spending Tuesday night with his sister, Mrs. I. P. Hiestand.

The Bee Hive is located a few doors above the Post Office, in the best place for the convenience of the purchasing public. Call and take a look at the store.

Miss Ella Brown, of Hastings, Iowa, arrived in Hillsboro last week to spend the summer.

Mr. Isaac Ochs left on Monday for his home in Vicksburg, Miss., after a short visit to relatives here.

Miss Minnie Elliott will spend her summer vacation at the home of her parents near New Petersburg.

Mrs. Minnie Crosby, of Vicksburg, Miss., is visiting at the residence of her father, Mr. M. Ochs in this place.

Misses Ella and Fannie Edgar, recently graduates from the H. F. C., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Work.

Misses Clara Dickey, of Greenfield, and Nettie Johnson, of Louisville, Ky., are visiting Miss Madsen Carson.

Miss Mabel Puckett, of the Union School, has returned to her home in Bainbridge to spend the summer vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Frieble and grandson, Frank Prindle, of Wilmington, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Bowers.

Mr. A. S. Roush, who has been traveling through the west for some time past spent a few days last week with friends in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Laughlin with their two children, of East Walnut Hills, were visitors at the residence of Col. T. A. Walker this week.

The Hillsboro Chapter presented Mr. Philip Jones with a masonic emblem of solid gold last Tuesday night, in honor of his seventieth birthday anniversary.

Miss E. P. Allen, Principal of Highland Institute will be absent for a time, and those desiring information about the school are referred to Miss E. L. Grand-Girard.

Misses Kate Evans and Florence Shepherd who had been attending school at the Oxford Female College returned home Wednesday evening to spend the summer vacation.

Cabinet photo of Mrs. Jewett's excellent oil painting of Rev. Joseph McD. Matthews, D. D., may be secured from Mrs. Maggie L. Gregg, Hillsboro, Ohio. Price 50 cents.

Mr. A. K. Kelly has removed his stock of goods from the room beneath the NEWS-HERALD office to the one recently fitted up in the Wright building, opposite the Post Office.

The C. W. & B. will sell round-trip tickets to Ohio State Teacher's Association at Chattanooga, N. Y., June 25, 26, and the morning train on the 28th, for tickets good to return until July 30.

The monument in memory of J. McD. Matthews is the work of Messrs. Hanton & Lamon and all who see it will be convinced that the firm is able to do a very superior kind of work in their line.

Mr. Kellum, representing the Hillsboro Tobacco Leaf Company, is purchasing tobacco as the market at good prices. The warehouse is in the rear of John Matthews' grocery, Hibernia building.

Miss Ella Matthews graduated from the Oxford Female College last Wednesday evening and returned home on Thursday, accompanied by her parents, who had been present at the commencement exercises.

Last Tuesday, the closing day of the Union school, the pupils of the A. Grammar Department, presented their teacher, Mr. J. M. Kay, with a handsome combination gold pen and pencil as a token of their esteem for him.

Attention should be given to the proclamation of Mayor Hartman, printed in another column of this issue. Our health officers are doing a good work in cleaning up the town and should receive the support of everybody.

The NEWS-HERALD COMPANY has been running a force of hands all week in removing job presses. We have now in position a fine new Pressman press and are ready to do all the job work that may be brought in at the old bottom prices.

Night couples of young people drove out to Mr. John L. West's dock pond last Monday evening and spent about an hour in boating on the beautiful miniature lake. From there they proceeded to the residence of Mr. Isaac Ochs, and enjoyed the hospitality of the young ladies and their parents.

Commencement Visitors.

Mrs. J. W. Ellis, of Springfield, visited Mrs. George Fuller.

Mrs. Joseph Mullivant, of Columbus, visited with friends.

Miss Lucy Reed, of Cincinnati, spent the week with relatives.

Miss Stella Benson, of Leesburg, was the guest of Mrs. F. F. Hays.

Mrs. John Winger, of New Carlisle, was a visitor of Mrs. C. W. Mather.

Mrs. J. McK. Shultz, of Leesburg, visited friends here during the week.

Mr. Ed March, of Springfield, was a guest at the residence of James Reese.

Miss Anna Copeland, of Bainbridge, was the guest of Miss Maggie Hiestand.

Miss Lulu Smith, of Springfield, was the guest of her friend, Miss Marie Amen.

Miss Jennie Crothers, of near Greenfield, visited her cousin Miss Minnie Elliott.

Mr. Fred Pedmore, of Washington, C. H. spent commencement week in Hillsboro.

Misses Mary and Anna Murray, of Greenfield, were the guests of Miss Lillie Strain.

Miss Marion Hunter, of Catawba, O., was a guest at the residence of Mr. J. H. Richards.

Miss Mattie Foster and Mrs. Bradley, of Cincinnati, were guests of their sister, Mrs. Fulton.

Miss Alice Head, of Bainbridge, was a guest at the residence of her cousin, Mr. W. H. Head.

Miss A. M. Owen and daughter, Miss Amelia, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Hough.

Prof. B. B. Barrett and family, of New Lexington, were entertained at the residence of Mr. W. H. Head.

Mrs. J. M. Hughey, of Chillicothe, was a visitor at the residence of Mr. Martin Hughey, on Southern Avenue.

Messrs. Link Wickerham and James Copeland, of Bainbridge, attended the commencement of the H. F. C.

Miss Emma Grand-Girard, of Eckmanville, is visiting her aunt, Miss Emily Grand-Girard, on East Main street.

Mrs. E. Muir and Mrs. Josephine VonBuhlow, of Nicholasville, Ky., spent a few days with Mrs. J. M. Matthews.

Miss Nellie Engle, of Middleton, O., Abbie Trout, of Lancaster, and Anna Glin, of New Vienna, were guests of the Misses Reese.

Among those from Greenfield who attended the commencements were Misses Nellie Norton, Clara Dickey, Anna Dwyer, Blanche Patton, Mollie Leib, Fannie Autman and Messrs. August Boden, Will Robinson and Newton Patton.

It rains all summer as it is doing at the hour of this writing, that articles about water-works published last week all go for nothing.

Among the Public School Fair items, the Junior-Senior refers to the thirteen year old son of Mr. Joseph Mather, formerly of this place, as follows: "A Model of the 'Monitor' by Aristotle Mather, attributed universal attention."

Some maliciously disposed person attempted to fire a small building immediately back of the room recently occupied by Stevenson & Young, some time Wednesday night. A stack of sticks and boards piled against the building were arranged with care, showing that the villain was in earnest about his work. The timber near is charred but the blaze was probably extinguished by the rain. Had it not been so the result might have been very destructive.

The College Commencement.

We are indebted to Mrs. M. Yoman for the excellent report of the H. F. C. commencement which appears in another column. The account is written in her peculiar graphic style and is strictly impartial.

No one desires to underrate the efforts of the other five young ladies of the class of '86, but feeling assured that other towns will be justly proud of their "sweet girl graduates," Hillsboro takes especial interest in the three who live within her limits, and in the highly creditable manner with which they acquitted themselves last Thursday evening.

The program was supervised by Miss Margaret Chaney's odd-looking subject, as it appeared upon the program, was gently swept away when she stepped forward to penetrate the depths of doubt which the interrogation point suggested. Her beautiful face, calm, clear and resolute bearing added to the thoughtful essay a charm which gave it double force.

Miss Cora B. Gamble's essay upon "Topics of the Day," was entirely unlike all others but none the less pleasing. It did not resemble an oasis in a desert but a ruby among diamonds. By its intelligent way in which the many vexing questions of the present were reviewed, her hearers were satisfied that the essayist had "a mind of her own."

Miss Margaret B. Hiestand addressed herself to the individuality of life and beautifully pictured the "Waiting Niche," which Miss Margaret Worthington filled with her class prophecy. The lesson taught by Miss Hiestand's essay was the admirable fitness of all things—even the flower—"born to bloom untroubled" filling its niche in the Almighty plan. The appreciation of all efforts of the class was given by the address of Miss Eliza Elgar bowed gracefully above the mist, draped from head to foot in a creation of cream lace, in which nestled a great knot of white lilies, fragrant and pure as the sheltered life of a young girl, graduate and a fitting emblem of innocence and youth. "Within"—her poem, was well received and applauded by an attentive audience. Scarcely had we time to recover breath when Miss Frances Elgar assailed us with her spicy "Wait and See!" She began at Adam, not with him, which is a new departure, and illustrated the well-known depravity of man by saying that had he been fortunate enough to find the apple, instead of Eve, he would have immediately devoured it, as did our fair and much traduced greatest-grandmother. She followed up her successful opening with wit and railway, which one could only hope would last her through life—as weapons, they are invaluable.

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CLASSES OF 1886

From the Union Schools and the H. F. C.

Brilliant Commencement Exercises Largely Attended.

The Meeting of the College Alumni and the University of the Matthews Monument—A Week Full of Preparation and Pleasure.

UNION SCHOOL.

Just where the golden skies of childhood open into the broader canopy of life, stands graduation, a triumphal arch, woven of fleeting rainbows. There is a transient bliss about the finale of school efforts that all possessors of the parchment roll will cherish among pleasant memories. Briefly blessed are they who experience the delightful sensation of ringing applause and stacks of bouquets. Every year new faces appear before the footlights, new voices are heard from the platform, and new thoughts fall upon the eager audience.

The oldest inhabitant can not recollect a time when the commencement exercises of the Union School did not attract an immense audience, and their temperature usually bears a striking resemblance to that of an eternal alumni which many are supposed to join after graduating from life's college of vicissitude. The class of '86 is composed of two young ladies and seven young gentlemen, who will be long remembered as participants in the excellent entertainment of last Wednesday evening. Heavy clouds hung low over this portion of Christendom and the rain fell, mostly on the people, who gradually transmitted it to the ground. But notwithstanding the weather, Music Hall was packed. The entire population seemed to be present. Tall hats shot up from all quarters like collapsed circum-stances, hugging their center-poles. These beloved head-ornaments seem to be telegraphic—the harder you try to see, the higher tower the hats. Fans fluttered like the wings of younglings in a pigeon-cote, and yet one could not have kept cool with a brace of animated wind-mills. The stage, richly draped with lace and arranged with excellent taste, looked like a small slice from an ideal palace. Banks of flowers on either side of the stage breathed forth a delicate aroma. The piano responded to the skilful fingers of Messrs. Reed and Bowers, and with its pretty accompaniment the graduates filed up to take their seats on the elegant upholstery. Dr. C. W. Ketcham invoked Divine favor upon the exercises of the evening. The beautiful strains of "Priest's March" swelled upon the sultry atmosphere and found appreciative tympanums. A quartette composed of Messrs. Shaw, Nelson, Callahan, and Pierson, followed with a fine rendition of "The Knight's Farewell," which like the selection preceding it and every other part of the program was received with enthusiastic clapping of hands and stamping of feet.

Milton Harcourt McLean stepped before the footlights to tell us how "The Aim Makes the Life." His clear exposition of the principles underlying human effort and experience proved that his study of the subject had not been superficial. The arrow aimed at a good angle speeds far from the bow-string, but the one aimed low must spend its force in the earth.

Mather Scarborough's topic was, "England and Victoria," and the speech displayed knowledge of history and sparkled with subtle humor. Tributes were justly paid to the wise rule of that queen upon whose domain old Sol never blinks, and to the excellent organization of the British army. The pugnacious disposition of the rampant lion was spoken of and instances were cited where the lion had "roared at the wrong man."

"Speak, Oh Speak to Me Again" was the title of a pretty plaintive solo by Mr. Frank Reed.

American Railways were reviewed from their earliest existence by Gatch Brown, and the history of their advancement was sketched from the time when the first specimen stretched itself out like a prostrate ladder, to the present day when the parallel lines of steel span continents, forming an important factor in the traffic of the world.

Sidney Eckley's dissertation on the "Destruction of Our Native Birds" furnished cause for a survey of the tall huts in the neighborhood. Out of necessity they had all been seen before, but the additional inspection was to ascertain how many dead birds were represented on this occasion. Mr. Eckley has the elements of an Audubon, and is competent to give a reason for his beliefs.

More music.

"What is a Name?" was the question propounded and admirably answered by Martha Utman. The subject was handled in a unique way which proved that a name was of some consequence. Mr. W. Shakespeare to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Dick Brown followed and told us more about "Pathways of the Great Deep" than we could remember. The subject was a nautical one, and though a trifle too learned for land-lubbers, showed much research. If the writer ever gets to be President, Dick shall manage the Navy.

"Bull Dog on the Bank" was next on the program, but by mutual consent of the managers he was gently removed, and the quartette appeared in the "Champagne" song, which if not so aged was much more enjoyable.

"Do We Ever Forget?" by Miss Thetis M. Walker, was an essay that went far below the surface in the realm of mind, pointing out the great usefulness and constant charm of memory. The audience may forget the beautiful

expressions in which her thoughts were clothed, but they will not forget the clear-voiced speaker and her easy delivery.

Herschel A. Russ had chosen the difficult task of rooting out superstitious notions about luck. Instances from the history of great men and great events, graphically told, made the theme, "Was It All Luck" sound ridiculous as a question.

The vocal quartette sang "I am King O'er the Land and the Sea" in such a way as to elicit the most hearty applause. The piece gives all parts full play, and showed the remarkable compass of Mr. Pierson's voice, as well as the richness of Dr. Callahan's.

Joseph A. Head was the last to speak, his subject being, "Triumphs of Electricity." The wide field before him was canvassed in a masterly way. His description of a thunderstorm and a lightning stroke were peculiarly realistic when one could hear the rain pattering on the tin roof of the Roads building. Mr. Head's clear diction was especially complimented.

A nameless instrumental duet for violin and piano was next on the tapis. To say the piece was beautiful is to express it mildly. It was one of those pieces which start off with a rippling melody that inspires the imagination and one seems to see stars twinkling through loop-holes in fleecy clouds and pale moon-beams glittering among wet leaves. Then comes a light stratum of minor and you hear a baby falling down stairs or a dog fast under a fence, and before you can call the doctor or pry the rails apart, the air breaks into a voluptuous swell and carries the soul aloft and up till it is thrilled with music and the tune seems to expand and suddenly bursts into fifteen million curlicues. The selection was very heartily encored.

Prof. H. S. Doggett in his usual pleasant way presented the graduates with their diplomas, expressing as he did so, his satisfaction in their attainments and his earnest hope for their future success.

The floral tributes were many and beautiful. While they were being presented the quartette sang "Our Country." After having had all the champagne that heart could wish, and being king o'er the land and the sea it did seem a little strange for their ownership to dwindle to one little country, but they didn't seem to worry about it.

The class of '86 are now members of the Hillsboro High School Alumni, after having labored long and diligently beneath the roof that has sheltered so many of us, and we join with a host of friends in saying, may hope brighten their days to come, and memory gild their past.

COLLEGE.

Roses, lace, girls! that was the commencement! What will the end be? "Wait and see."

"Don't Lacerate" of 1886 shed a softly brilliant radiance from a background of pink hydrangeas and field daisies, over foot-lights wreathed in pale green mist, on an audience where there was no standing room. From such a galaxy of youth and beauty, song and song-birds, culture and common sense, it would be difficult to select "Pro Aris et Focis" as the class motto bids us.

"I" was represented by Marguerite F. Chaney. With calm repose and worldly wisdom she put her questions and sometimes added answers. In her satin bodice and high ruff she was the impersonation of the beautiful Marguerite of Faust. "I Will Be Strong"—didactic, epic sentences gave assurance of present thoughtful study and promises of future greatness when the writer should know more of life, and less of lessons. Here, a break in the essays was filled with music and looking at the lovely young faces, "The cares that infest the day, folded their tents like the Arab, and as silently stole away." It was looking at Miss Tracy Trimble's sparkling beauty and hearing her sweet sympathetic voice that caused us to "drop into poetry." So it all chimed as harmoniously as the "Bells of Normandie" when Miss Luella Elgar bowed gracefully above the mist, draped from head to foot in a creation of cream lace, in which nestled a great knot of white lilies, fragrant and pure as the sheltered life of a young girl, graduate and a fitting emblem of innocence and youth. "Within"—her poem, was well received and applauded by an attentive audience. Scarcely had we time to recover breath when Miss Frances Elgar assailed us with her spicy "Wait and See!" She began at Adam, not with him, which is a new departure, and illustrated the well-known depravity of man by saying that had he been fortunate enough to find the apple, instead of Eve, he would have immediately devoured it, as did our fair and much traduced greatest-grandmother. She followed up her successful opening with wit and railway, which one could only hope would last her through life—as weapons, they are invaluable.

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was happily conceived, and received with enthusiasm. Miss Margaret Worthington may feel proud of the last best effort of her school-girl career—that time which should be, and often is, the happiest of a woman's life.

From the famed portals of the H. F. C. many classes have passed blithely, unthinkingly into the busy world beyond. Many faces that were bright and gay—sad, despondent, world-weary, have returned after the lapse of years to look again upon the young, fresh and fair about to set their shivered feet outside the dead line, that divides the worlds of the actual and ideal. But never a class, as a unit, I would venture to say, that would do it more credit than that of '86!

The new-fledged Dr. Loyd presented to each of the pupils of the class—under his loving care—their new, blue-beribboned honors. The strains of the grand organ sounded deep and strong as we thought to ourselves, another Dead Festival. Not so! Winged youths appeared as in some fairy scene, bearing strange burdens. Immense butterflies with panicky wings and rose-bud bodies, 7 points, in daisies couchant, on an escutcheon of green, simple American heraldry of the field and forest. Gorgeous plush caskets, locked and holding the mysteries of love or friendship. Books, books everywhere, dainty darlings of the press, clothed in vellum. Poets beloved of the Gods, clasped in alligator. Softly yielding forms of Rensselaire leather, accommodating itself to taper fingers on hot July noons. Easiers in sombre russet, dimly flecked with gold. I asked of some initiated "wherefore all this?" The answer came like murmuring pines, "It is the reward of the good, the true, the beautiful."

How then could there be a more fitting close to this Idyl of school-life, and beginning of the warfare against the evil, false and baneful, than by quoting a portion of the Class Poem, written by Miss Deem?

Let us imitate this hero,
To the utmost of our power,
Living up to all our talents,
Living noble, careful lives,
For our sakes and our friends,
"Lights of Home" that gleam and glisten,
With the love of human kindness.
And we have heard the summons,
When the grand resplendent glory
Of the "Home Lights" breaks upon us,
May it then be spoken of us
They have magnified their calling,
They have honored well their class-name.

"Enripides."
"To the utmost of our power,
Living up to all our talents,
Living noble, careful lives,
For our sakes and our friends,
"Lights of Home" that gleam and glisten,
With the love of human kindness.
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MEMENTO MORI!

"Remembrance—'Tis for Remembrance!"

THE TRINITY OF COLLEGE—OLD OAKLAND, JESUS, and THE HILLSBORO, O.—UNITE TO DO HONOR TO THE MEMORY OF THE MAN WHOSE GOOD DEEDS LIVE AFTER HIM!

At ten o'clock on a breezy, rain-washed, crystalline June day the Alumnae of the respective Colleges met at the spring, under the old oaks to answer to the roll-call of the years. The grandmothers and the debutantes of education standing lovingly side by side—1830-1886. Sixty-five answered to their names and fell into line. Some years had only one representative and others none. Before we started over the rise to the monument many regrets were expressed that the woman (and a beloved pupil of Father Matthews) whose energy, executive ability and unflagging enthusiasm, more than any other cause, the memorial, now standing, is due, was absent from sickness. I refer to the treasurer of the monumental fund, Mrs. J. H. Richards. Among the visiting Alumnae were Mrs. Douglass, of Pittsfield, Vt.; Mrs. Muir, Nicholasville, Ky.; Mrs. J. VonBuhlow, Nicholasville, Ky.; Mrs. Sullivan, Columbus, O.; Mrs. Winger and Mrs. Ellis, Springfield, O.; Mrs. Shultz, Leesburg, O.; Mrs. Milton Zink, Bethel, O.; beside, many strangers, friends and relatives deeply interested in the ceremony. At ten and a half o'clock the procession reached the grave, the opening hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds," was sweetly sung, prayer was offered by Mrs. J. F. Loyd, wife of the present President of the College, and a graduate—class of '51, individual roll-call by Miss Lizzie Richards—class of '81, then the soft white veil was gently lifted by the loving hands of the oldest graduates living and present, class of 1830, Mrs. John A. Smith, nee Jane McDowell, and Mrs. James Dill, nee Emily Jones. The monument is rectangular in form, of spotless Concord granite, the surface dead, the lettering polished. The front, facing the sunset land, bears the following inscription:

"To the memory
Of Rev. Joseph McD. Matthews,
Born in Va. 1804. Died 1879.
Founder
Of Oakland Seminary and Hillsboro College.
Erected by his Alumnae
In loving remembrance of their revered TEACHER.

On the respective ends of the monument is the record of the death of his two wives and the children born to them, that preceded him over the River, an appropriate space being left for the widow who now survives him and his daughter, Sallie Matthews Matthews. This memorial address was offered by Emily L. Grand-Girard, of the class of '40, one of his trusted teachers. It was a fitting and eloquent tribute to the maximum of virtue and minimum of human frailty, as it existed in the blameless life and triumphant death of Joseph McD. Matthews. Space is lacking for its reproduction here, but it will be preserved in the archives of memorial year.

Sadly the sweet refrain of the hymn, "Beautiful land of rest," floated on the soft summer air. The Trine God was invoked for the last time, above the precious dust of "his faithful servant and follower," by Dr. Ketcham, after which,

the Alumnae buried the grave in the roses and lilies of June.

"By this shaft thou art not honored,
But the marble is made famous
By the glory of thy greatness."

COLLEGE ALUMNAE.

In obedience to the cards of invitation for the Triennial Reception of the H. F. C. Alumnae, some three hundred guests assembled in the College Chapel on the night of the 18th of June, and were hospitably welcomed by the committee on reception, Mrs. J. F. Loyd, Mrs. Gov. Hart. Appropriate decoration had been made, the class of '86 kindly loaning many of their beautiful floral offerings. The chief attraction was a fine oil portrait of the late Dr. Matthews, executed by one of his former pupils, Mrs. Emma Dwyler. It gave general satisfaction, many of the old Oakland pupils fancying they could almost see him smile.

The program for the evening:
Music—Professor Nulle.
Prayer—Dr. McSorely.
Roll Call—Lizzie Richards.
Solo—Mrs. Fuller.

Presentation of the class of '86, "Home Lights," by Dr. Loyd.

Address of welcome by Mrs. Anna Ferris Hart, to the new-made sisters of the class of '86, also to the visiting alumnae of old Oakland, delivered in her happiest manner:

"Sisters!—Again we gather here in joyous re-union, around the old hearth stone of our Alma Mater, and how gladly we welcome to our festive board and to our remembrance you who years ago went out from among us. The young, thoughtless and merry faces we then were, have put on the grave and dignified garb of maturer years, and as we watch we wonder. Some of us have seen all the vicissitudes which usually come to mature years. We have welcomed O! so lovingly, little ones, to our home circle, have watched long days and nights with anxiety by the sick bed of those dear to us, have tasted the bitter cup of bereavement. We have helped to make festive the marriage day of son or daughter, and have taken grandchildren in our arms to bless them. We do not wonder at this in ourselves, but each remembers the other as the parting left us, and we find that we are strangers. The old home nest is changed. To some of us, Old Oakland, with its homely, primitive walls, was very rich in happy memories, and naught is left to us but memories. In our beloved senior teacher, one of our number, but standing aside by side with him we have honored to-day, in our love and esteem, we have a link which I hope may ever bind us together. In our ambition we dreamed of writing our names high up on the scroll of honor. Some of us awake to find that we have never written them higher than as upon tip toe we wrote them on the ceiling at Old Oakland. Then the College with its white-robed dormitory is changed. The spirit whose loving ambition prompted and centered in it, has gone to meet those of our number who have gone before, and to his great reward, and as we look upon the face which looks from the canvass upon us to-night, in such kind benignity O! how our hearts go out in thanksgiving for all that he was. Pure, modest, kind, kinder to all others than to himself—and may it not be that at this time when our love has prompted the marble memorial to mark his last resting place, he may be permitted to know, and if possible be made happier by our loving remembrance. How well do we who had the privilege of listening to catch each word that fell from his whispering lips as for the last time he prayed the Father for us, remember how earnestly he pleaded that this association, a trinity in name, Oakland, Jessamine, and Hillsboro College, but a unit in love, should be permanently established. Hoping to aid in this we publish each year the annual annex, and we find it highly prized by a great many. We of the resident Alumnae would like to express to you how much we enjoy the messages of remembrance and 'Lang Syne,' from your pens, and we earnestly wish that all might enjoy them with us.

To the younger members of the association we extend a most hearty welcome. You did not know Old Oakland perhaps, or our sisters of Jessamine, and not even him whose name we mention so tenderly to-night, but as in the home circle the tradition of events and persons we knew nothing of, endears them to us, and kind us in a never-ending chain to the past, so may these reunions bring us more closely together, and each bring the 'bright pictures' which hang on memory's walls to make still brighter pictures, until we who first told tales of our 'Alma Mater' shall have gone to the great reunion and you be left to rehearse them and speak in tender tones of teacher, schoolmate, friend, to those who come after."

Response by Mrs. Von Buh